

Good Morning

108

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

HARD WORK DESERVES A HOLIDAY— HERE'S HOW



Here's what the tide brought in at Newquay! These girls don't mean to swim—they're snatching a few days from war-work and mean to have everything done for them for a change. So its Surf-riding for them—and we hope they hold on sur-ficiently tightly.



This is 22-year-old WAAF Recruiting Corporal, Margaret Kelloway, in fine form on "leaf" near Plymouth Hoe. Perhaps she's what bowled over Drake. Anyway—any recruits, boys?



She's playing Ducks and Drakes with the remains of the picnic-basket. But this holiday-scene may not be quite as innocent as it looks. We believe the little minx is just trying to wheedle some eggs out of them—you know what girls are!

NEWS FROM NEWS FROM

DRESSED IN GLASS.

OLD MOTHER RILEY (Arthur Lucan to you) during his act the other night at an Edinburgh theatre, said that Edinburgh women were the best dressed in the country. Businesslike blarney! But it took an Edinburgh bride, married in St. Giles' Cathedral, to create a precedent by being married in a dress made of glass. 'Fact. The pale blue dress, hat, shoes and handbag worn by the lady were made of pure spun glass, as were also the ribbon and decorative cupids on her wedding cake. Bride was Miss Helen Nairn Munro, lecturer in glass technology at Edinburgh College of Art.

The groom was Prof. W. E. S. Turner, of Sheffield University, one of the world's leading authorities on glass. The dress, etc., of the bride were made as a tribute to the work of the bride and groom in glass technology. No, submariners, there were no police to hold back the crowds. The lady looked charming, and her glass gown had the shimmer of rich satin material, and was as transparent as a tin fish.

FIFTY YEARS AGO.

AS ever, ladies are in the news in this part of Scotland. At a recent graduation ceremony at Edinburgh University there were present three women who graduated at the University 50 years ago. They were brave souls, for in those times women students were the subject of ribald comment and very unchivalrous scoffing by the male students. The women hit back. One said that the only youth who did not deride them was the one on top of the University buildings. (A very striking statue of a youth on the dome of the building.) Nowadays? Well, probably students don't wear hats so they don't have the fag of lifting them externally to the "frail" students thronging the lecture rooms and University buildings generally.

THE OLDEST—101.

ABERDEEN'S contribution to a "distaff side" news is the announcement of the death of her oldest citizen, Mrs. Isabella Taylor, who was 101 years of age and resided at 20, Belmont-street in that city. She was the widow of a Woodside joiner,



and until 90 she worked as a caretaker of legal offices in the city. A native of Kennethmont, Aberdeenshire, she was still doing her shopping at 100, and using trams and buses for the journeys between the shops and her home. Remembering the long queues at shops nowadays, she was undoubtedly a remarkable woman.

NOT IN OILS.

DUNDEE CORPORATION wished to present their Town Clerk, Mr. David Latto, with his portrait in oils on his retirement. He wrote saying that in view of the times in which we were living, it would please him ever so much more if they would content themselves by giving him, say, a very simple illuminated address expressing appreciation of his long service. While appreciating his modesty, the city decided to give Mr. Latto some personal present as well as the address, and a committee has been set up to ingather subscriptions and decide what the "something more" should be.

Which reminds us that when the Lord Provost of Edinburgh retires he is presented with his portrait in oils and a similar portrait by the same artist is retained and hung in the City Chambers. Well, they can't stretch the three-foot thick walls of that very old building. But—there are some large sized vaults that contain something more than throw-outs of office equipment, for there have been many Lord Provosts.

NEW FLOWER GARDENS.

BOTANISTS seem to be having a high old time just now exploring the ruins in the blitzed areas of Plymouth to see how many different sorts of wild flowers they can find.

The results are seen in long letters to the local papers, with all the plants described, plus their Latin names.

Dandelions, groundsel, docks and thistles are by no means having all their own way. Scarlet pimpernels and other prettier weeds flourish on the bombed sites.

In George Street a nice clump of oats was observed growing.

THE DESERT BLOSSOMS.

Now, it appears, private attempts have been made to improve the look of blitzed streets by encouraging the growth of garden flowers.

A naval officer had several pounds of mixed seeds given him by a famous firm of seedsmen to scatter in the ruins.

He confesses that the results were disappointing, the main cause being the long drought in the spring. There was very little rain for more than a month after the seeds were sown.

This N.O. makes this appeal to citizens. "Will all who can collect seeds from their own gardens this summer scatter them over the city's unsightly scars?"

WOMEN FULL OF BEANS.

MEMBERS of Plympton W.V.S. have formed themselves into a gang of emergency land-workers, and give a few hours a week to help hard-pressed farmers and market-gardeners.

Since Miss Nancy L. Martin, centre organiser, started with a party of half-a-dozen in June the band has grown rapidly, and several gangs are now in being.

One afternoon, eight of the W.V.S. picked a ton of beans in four hours—not bad going. Other workers have sprayed apple trees, picked tomatoes, hoed potatoes, and helped with the haymaking.

The volunteers say they are developing enormous appetites and a great anxiety as to whether their soap ration will last out!

LITTLE WOODEN ONE-SHOE!

THE new wooden-soled shoes have not been on sale in the West Country for very long, but the shoe-repairing frater-



nity are already wrinkling their brows over strange "casualties" which are being brought in for attention.

One small firm has had two such cases, quite beyond ordinary "first aid."

One of the soles had split right across after a couple of weeks' wear. The wood had frayed and splintered and the sole looked like shredded wheat. The other hospital case showed a clean break down the side of the wooden sole.

All the repairer could do was to remove the wood altogether and put on a new rubber sole!

"This isn't economy," he said, "because the job will cost the customer about half what she paid for the shoes originally."

At a recent meeting of the boot trade the "impossibility" of repairing these shoes was one of the main topics under discussion.

THE "INVALID" CHAIRS.

ANOTHER "casualty station" in charge of the Plymouth Corporation is dealing with a daily average of 50 deck-chairs from the Hoe and waterfront at Tinside.

No wood can be procured to mend broken frames, and only a limited amount of patching canvas is available.

Carelessness and wilful damage, chiefly by youngsters, are reducing the city's stock of chairs.

VOYAGE TO THE MED.

THE Tinside bathing place has no costumes any more! The Corporation used to have several hundred for hiring out, but one by one they disappeared as bathers walked away with them "forgetfully."

One sailor told Mr. Cole he had seen a man bathing in one in the Mediterranean. When asked what the letters "P.C.C." stood for he retorted "That's for Plymouth City Club."

Actually, of course, they stand for "Plymouth City Council," marking the costume as the Corporation's property.

I get around

MISS GWEN BAR-TLE, whom I recently met in Wardour Street, is probably the first girl ever to be aboard a submarine whilst on active service.

Gwen was continuity writer for the Crown Film Unit's "Close Quarters." She spent over ten weeks working aboard each day, keeping close check on shots taken by the cameras and noting details of scenes to be matched up later when the submarine was reconstructed in the studio.

Considering a submarine is usually an all-male world, and also considering the confined space available, she got along surprisingly well—once or twice she walked from the control-room towards the fore-ends and bumped into a sailor halfway through changing to go ashore, but this soon settled itself.



The part that worried her most, she told me, was when she was going ashore, their boat would frequently be the fourth or fifth boat from the wharf and she would have to pass from one to another across the narrow

plank with no rail. Only once was she really embarrassed. She fell from the top to the bottom of the fore hatch on the one and only day she went aboard without wearing slacks.

At 91, wheelwright Abel Peirce, of Arundel, Sussex, retired from business, to leave it in the good hands of his two sons, the elder of whom was then 71.

However, like most folk, he went back to work when war started, and he has turned out several score of first-quality wheels during the past four years.

Now, at 95, he has retired reasonably hospitable folk, so again. "This time for good, because my eyes are not as good as they used to be," he told me.

Another thing, too, that he has to give up for the same reason is cycling. "I can't see the other traffic, that's the

By
RONALD RICHARDS

trouble. But I can't grumble. I've been working 85 years," he often says.

DUNKIRK. Will London newspapers never lay off that comic opera episode? Day after day there are leading articles, called "Flash Back to Dunkirk," "Will There Be a Medal For Dunkirk?" and so on.

Dunkirk was three years ago, and it was a victory. And I don't mean for us! Many mothers lost sons and many women lost husbands during that farce, and still editors permit women who were hundreds of miles away to write sob stories about our heroes.

There were several journalists at that port. When, or rather if, they got back they wrote about it for their respective papers, but never now does the name of anyone who was there appear on what is now history and not news.

I have been asked several times recently to write my views on Dunkirk. I didn't do it at the time because I was in the Army. I won't do it now because I would have to write from memory; those memories of mine would stir up other memories, probably more unpleasant than my own, in other minds.

We don't talk about the River Plate battle, which we won, or the dam-busting episode, so why dwell upon a defeat? A bloody one at that.

At this time, when Allied troops are knocking at the door of Italy, the news has filtered through that the most popular show in Rome is by George Bernard Shaw.

The Italians always were reasonably hospitable folk, so it is quite possible that G.B.S. cause my eyes are not as good as they used to be," he told me.

I hope a similar step will be taken with films; though I suppose Lamour is the same in the every language.

Periscope Page

QUIZ for today

1. What is a kolinsky?
2. Who wrote (a) "The Dream of Gerontius," (b) "A Dream of Fair Women"?
3. Which of the following is an "intruder," and why: Sheep, Bullock, Camel, Pig, Calf, Deer?
4. At what speed can a fast bowler bowl a cricket ball?
5. What is the length of the Thames?
6. Who was Heavy-weight Champion in 1935?
7. What is meant by scintillating?
8. What is a skirret?
9. What was John Gilpin's occupation?
10. The date of 10th April, 1940, can be written 10.4.40 and $10 \times 4 = 40$. A similar date occurred on 8th May, 5th August and 10th October, all in 1940. When has it happened since?

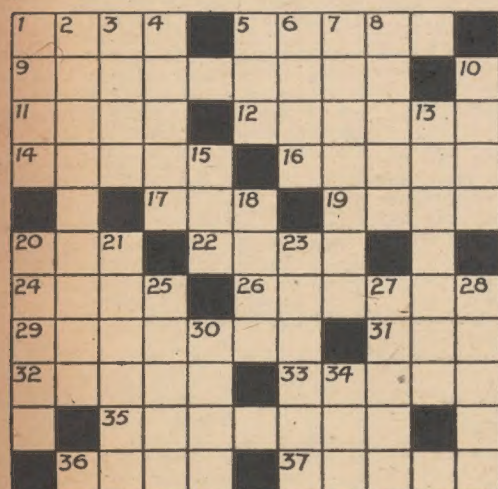
WANGLING WORDS—70

- 1.—Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after CAP, and make a word.
- 2.—Rearrange the letters of THUMP ROOTS to make an English town.
- 3.—Change FAIR into LADY, altering one letter at a time and making a new word with each alteration. Change in the same way: DATE into PALM, SOME into NONE, MOTHER into FATHER.
- 4.—How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from the word HOSPITABLE?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 69

- 1.—ESTIMATES.
- 2.—SYDENHAM.
- 3.—FISH, DISH, DASH, BASH, BATH, PATH, PITH, PITS, BITS, BITE, FLY, FAY, RAY, RAF, SLAP, SLAT, SEAT, SENT, RENT, RANT, RANG, BANG, ROGUE, VOGUE, VAGUE, VALUE, VALVE, HALVE, HELVE, HEAVE, LEAVE, LEASE, LEAST, BEAST.
- 4.—Liar, Rail, Rich, Lair, Char, List, Last, Lost, Slot, Slat, Salt, Silt, Cash, Cast, Cost, Cist, Scot, This, Rota, Rots, Star, Rats, Tars, etc.
Coral, Chair, Choir, Roach, Loath, Loach, Torch, Stair, etc.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Marks of cribbage.
- 5 Pulled.
- 9 Lessen.
- 11 Observed.
- 12 Illusion.
- 14 Fragrance.
- 16 Fresh.
- 17 Sea-bird.
- 19 Shalt.
- 20 Male animal.
- 22 Famous composer.
- 24 Parched.
- 26 Strata.
- 29 Contrives.
- 31 Energy.
- 32 Pick.
- 33 Vestige.
- 35 Spoke.
- 36 Preserves.
- 37 Use.

Solution to Yesterday's Problem.

JIBBED MAID
EMU PIMENTO
SPRAIN DISC
TUNIC CAM K
T MUCILAGE
TEA ROC LOT
ESCHEWED D
N COS ROVER
ODES ROTATE
RONTGEN SIN
SETS DEFEAT

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Fencing thrust.
- 2 Choosing.
- 3 Mirth.
- 4 Herbal medicine.
- 5 Obscure.
- 6 Precipitation.
- 7 Emaciation.
- 8 Work at loom.
- 10 Part of shoe.
- 13 Of a class.
- 15 Open wooden vessel.
- 18 Green vegetable.
- 20 Humbled.
- 21 Least amounts.
- 23 Chess piece.
- 25 Basic fact.
- 27 Escape from.
- 28 Small fish.
- 30 Precious stones.
- 34 Boy's name.

Baron Munchausen Tells SOME BARE-FACED LIES ABOUT BEARS

WE all remember Captain Phipps's last voyage of discovery to the North. I accompanied the captain, not as an officer, but a private friend. When we arrived in a high northern latitude I was viewing the objects around me with the telescope which I introduced to your notice in my Gibraltar adventures.

I thought I saw two large white bears in violent action upon a body of ice considerably above the masts and about half a league distance. I immediately took my carbine, slung it across my shoulder, and ascended the ice. When I arrived at the top, the unevenness of the surface made my approach to those animals troublesome and hazardous beyond expression. Sometimes hideous cavities opposed me, which I was obliged to spring over. In other parts the surface was as smooth as a mirror, and I was continually falling. As I approached near enough to reach them, I found they were only at play.

Slip-up

I immediately began to calculate the value of their skins, for they were each as large as a well-fed ox. Unfortunately, at the very instant I was presenting my carbine my right foot slipped, I fell upon my back, and the violence of the blow deprived me totally of my senses for nearly half an hour.

When I recovered, judge of my surprise

at finding one of those large animals I have been just describing had turned me upon my face and was just laying hold of the waistband of my breeches, which were then new and made of leather. He was certainly going to carry me feet foremost. God knows where, when I took a large clasp-knife out of my side pocket, made a chop at one of his hind feet, and cut off three of his toes. He immediately let me drop and roared most horribly. I took up my carbine and fired at him as he ran off. He fell directly. The noise of the piece roused several thousands of these white bears, who were asleep upon the ice within half a mile of me; they came immediately to the spot.

Bear-faced Bluff

There was no time to be lost. A most fortunate thought came to me. I took off the skin and head of the dead bear in half the time that some people would be in skinning a rabbit, and wrapped myself in it, placing

Answers to Quiz in No. 107

1. A skylark.
2. (a) Upton Sinclair, (b) Rudyard Kipling.
3. Turnip, a root; the others are not roots.
4. Primo Carnera.
5. An island in the U.S.A.
6. British Broadcasting Company in 1922; British Broadcasting Corporation in 1927.
7. Organic tissues.
8. A Brazilian plant yielding a medicine.
9. A character in Sheridan's "Rivals."
10. (a) A million million million, (b) a million million.
11. 1895-96.
12. Twelve.

JANE



my own head directly under Bruin's.

The whole herd came round me immediately, and my appre-

hensions threw me into a most piteous situation. However, my scheme turned out a most admirable one for my own safety. They all came smelling, and evidently took me for a brother Bruin. I wanted nothing but bulk to make an excellent counterfeit.

However, I saw several cubs amongst them, not much larger than myself. After they had all smelt me, and the body of their deceased companion, whose skin was now become my protector, we seemed very sociable, and I found I could mimic all their actions tolerably well. But at growling, roaring and hugging they were quite my masters. I began now to think how I might turn the general confidence which I had created amongst these animals to my advantage.

Easy Meat

I had heard an old army surgeon say a wound in the spine was instant death. I now determined to try the experiment, and had again recourse to my knife, with which I struck the largest in the back of the neck, near the shoulders, but under great apprehensions, not doubting but the creature would, if he survived the stab, tear me to pieces. I was remarkably fortu-

nate, for he fell dead at my feet without making the least noise.

I was now resolved to demolish them every one in the same manner, which I accomplished without the least difficulty, for although they saw their companions fall, they had no suspicion of either the cause or the effect. When they all lay dead before me, I felt myself a second Sampson, having slain my thousands.

To make short of the story, I went back to the ship, and borrowed three parts of the crew to assist me in skinning them and carrying the hams on board, which we did in a few hours, and loaded the ship with them. As to the other parts of the animals, they were thrown into the sea, though I doubt not but the whole would eat as well as the legs, were they properly cured.

As soon as we returned, I sent some of the hams, in the captain's name, to the Lords of the Admiralty, others to the Lords of the Treasury, some to the Lord Mayor and Corporation of London, a few to each of the trading companies, and the remainder to my particular friends, from all of whom I received warm thanks. From the city I was honoured with an invitation to dine at Guildhall annually on Lord Mayor's Day.

To-day's Brains Trust

THE Brains Trust consists of a Philosopher, an Architect, a Commercial Traveller, a Painter, and a Manufacturer of pottery from the Midlands. The question they are to discuss is:—

Is art merely a luxury in the world, or has it the same sort of importance as food, clothing and shelter. Could we do without art?

Manufacturer: "I should have thought art to be essential if we are not to live like animals. I am a potter, and my friend here is an architect. If our two arts of making pottery and building houses were to vanish, it would be a very sorry world. I say that art has an importance which is identical with that of clothing and shelter, and equal to the importance of food."

Philosopher: "But I think the question is intended to refer to the fine arts only—painting, sculpture, music, decorative design, and so on. It is these things, or rather the beauty they express, which makes life worth living at all. We eat, clothe ourselves, and shelter our bodies in order to live purposeful lives. We have no desire merely to exist, like vegetables. 'The question is, what do we want to live for? And I think the final answer is to pursue the 'values'—namely, beauty,

truth and goodness. In so far as art indicates that the pursuit is successful, it is surely of prime importance."

Traveller: "I have been all over the world, and I must say that some of the Oriental buildings I have seen in Burma, China, and other places, are extremely beautiful."

"When you come across a primitive people without any art, you feel as if the world would not be much poorer if they happened to get annihilated by the neighbouring tribe. But when you find great works of art, you really do feel that the race which produced them has arrived somewhere, and is a valuable member of mankind."

Architect: "The mention of beautiful buildings raises the question of decoration. A beautiful and well-appointed house is pleasanter to live in than a hovel. It makes for the happiness of those who live in it, and I think happiness is also one of the ultimate values for which we live. Beauty in building is just as important as it is in painting. Art is to the spirit of man what food is to his body, and both are equally important."

Painter: "I agree with that, but I should like to point out that it is a mistake to suppose

that the sole object of art is to express beauty. In modern painting, and also in classical painting, the object of the artist is to record some truth about the world, and it is not necessarily a beautiful truth. Artists have very successfully rendered horror, ugliness, bestiality, and so forth."

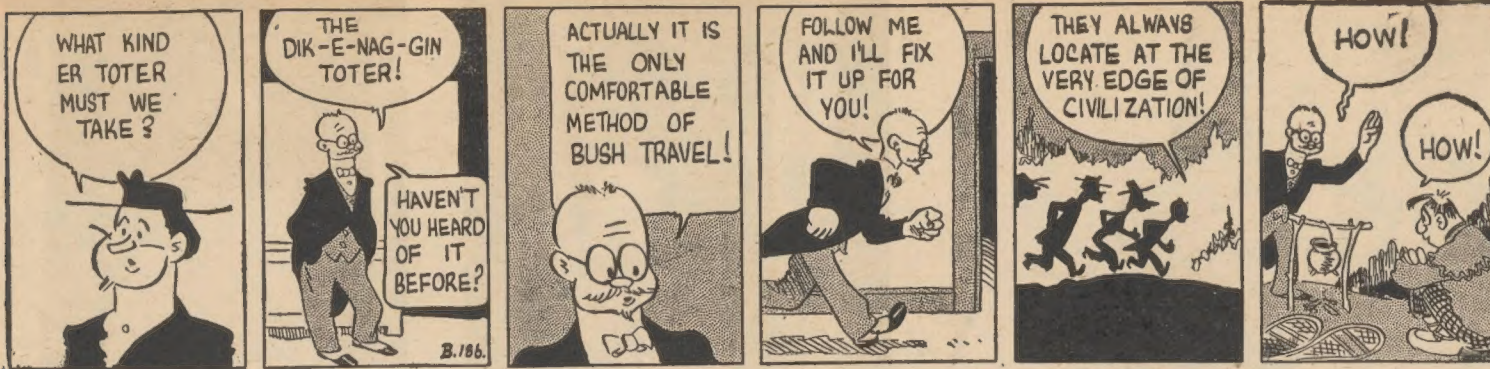
Philosopher: "Truth itself is one of the values men seek for its own sake, and such pictures are valuable only to the extent that they are true. But a beautiful picture which is also true is doubly valuable."

Traveller: "I don't know, but I have seen some very ugly things out East, too, and I must say I think we could get along very well without them. What exactly do you mean by 'value' in art? I haven't got that at all clear."

Philosopher: "Let me put it this way. We can give reasons for desiring most things, but for the 'values' we can only observe that men desire them without being able to give any reasons. They are final. Take an example. I desire money. Why? So that I can buy a motor-car. Why do I want a motor-car? So that I can travel. Why do I want to travel? So that I can see the world. Why do I wish to see

Continued on Page 3.

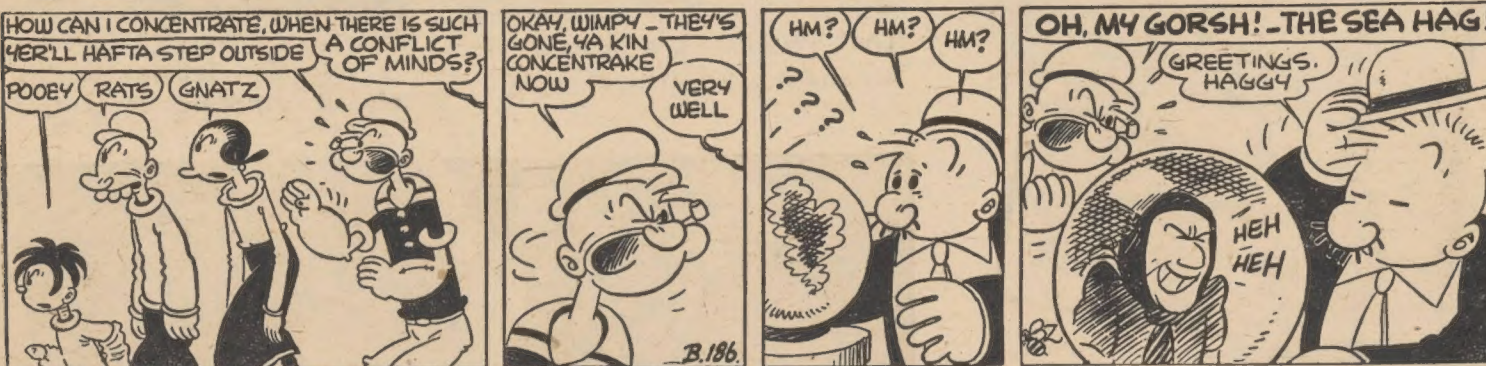
Beelzebub Jones



Belinda



Popeye



Ruggles



Garth



TO-DAY'S BRAINS TRUST

Continued from Page 2.

the world? To satisfy my curiosity, and learn the truth about things. Why do I wish to learn the truth about things which do not really concern me? There is no answer.

"Truth is one of the ultimate values. The pursuit of it is one of the reasons why we want to live, and art, being man's method of expressing the values, is not merely impor-

tant; it is one of the reasons why men trouble to live at all."

Manufacturer: "I think I can add a point to all this. The shape and decoration of a piece of pottery or china does not necessarily affect its usefulness, yet a beautifully shaped and decorated vase or jug always sells better than an ugly one. It also sells at a much higher price, and the reason is because the mere shape and decoration,

which are pure art, give the purchaser a kind of satisfaction which he does not otherwise get."

"I think art makes life satisfactory. Without art, we might indeed get a good deal of satisfaction from natural beauty, but art is necessary to give man the double satisfaction of expressing himself by creating beauty."

Traveller: "Speaking as an ordinary man, I should say that without art life would be dull and colourless, but that it is

quite possible to have art without having professional artists. I mean, we are all expressing ourselves for most of our leisure time, and we do it without paint or marble. Why should it only be considered art when it is done in some medium like paint or stone?"

Philosopher: "You are, of course, perfectly correct. Life, real life, as distinct from merely existing mechanically, is art, and art is life. We certainly could not live without it; we could only exist."

HOLLYWOOD ANIMAL TRAINER

By RONALD RICHARDS

RELATIVE intelligence of members of the animal kingdom is a matter of controversy, but there's one man—and he's a person who should know—who will swear by a dog every time.

Rudd Weatherwax, Hollywood animal trainer, claims that a dog is gifted with more natural intelligence than any other animal. "I challenge anyone," he says, "to find an animal that can be taught as much, and as quickly."

Next to canines, he tabs monkeys, followed by horses. "Fourth, probably, is the elephant," he adds, "even though it is supposed to have the smallest brain of any animal, compared with its size."

Weatherwax owns a small ranch on the outskirts of Hollywood, where he has dogs, cats, horses, cows, goats, birds, turkeys, and even turtles. He trains them all for the films, although he is best known for his work with dogs.

He has forty of the latter, all appearing regularly on the screen. Queen of his kennels is Lassie, a beautiful collie that attained stardom with her first role, playing the title part in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's Technicolor picture, "Lassie Comes Home."

Lassie not only is one of his finest-looking dogs, but also is his smartest one. She was picked for her film role after an extensive search, during which more than 1,000 collies were tested.

CATS ARE MOST DIFFICULT.

Cats, according to Weatherwax, are the most difficult to train. "But," he warns, "don't believe anyone who tells you they are stupid. It's their smartness, plus their independence, that makes them difficult to train. We usually have to resort to trickery to teach them stunts demanded in pictures."

A handicap in training cats is found in their utter lack of loyalty for their owners. They may live at one home for years, then suddenly leave and move in with another family.

What can be done with a cat, however, is illustrated by an animal act which Weatherwax's father, a circus trainer, once perfected. He had a feline that would climb a ladder to a tight-rope, walk it, and, halfway across, step carefully over a small canary perched on the rope. That despite a cat's natural instincts where birds of any sort are concerned.

"Any animal can be trained," claims Weatherwax, "if you have the time and patience. Clyde Beatty even had an act featuring a lion and a tiger, two of the jungle's most deadly and natural enemies."

CHICKEN AND TURTLES.

Surprising as it may seem, goats and turkeys are much like dogs in at least one respect. They crave companionship, and will follow friends, either humans or other animals, everywhere. Weatherwax had experiences with both, first with a goat that would jump in a hammock beside him or enter his house, and again with a turkey that became such a pet it also became a pest.

He rates chickens as the stupidest, and admits it took "a little bit of lettuce and a whole lot of patience" to train a turtle for a scene in a picture.

"Horses and monkeys are extremely smart," he declares. "After they learn a trick, they'll often do it over and over of their own volition. As a result, I have a horse that goes about continually opening doors and gates."

"But a dog is by far the easiest to train. And, don't let anyone fool you—you can teach an old dog new tricks. Any dog, regardless of its age, can be given a sound fundamental training within two weeks."

Sid Field says—

THERE are a lot of crazy people about just now. Take the two chaps who caught the same train to work each day. One morning, as George was half-way to the station, he met Harry coming back. As he passed, George shouted, "Where are you going?"

"I'm going to work."

"Well, you're going the wrong way."

"Golly, so I am. I must have turned round when I lighted my pipe."

ODD CORNER

In 1937, a pair of birds built a nest in Professor Langewieche's beard! Well, very nearly. The Professor, who lived at Buende, Westphalia, decided his hair was

too long, so he sent for the barber and had it cut. The hair was thrown away in the Professor's garden. A few days later he was walking in his garden when he found a bird's nest which had been made entirely from his discarded hair. The nest was eventually placed in the Museum of Natural Science and Local Folk Lore, of which the Professor was Director.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
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Well, who wouldn't be "Happy Go Lucky" with Mary Martin, the star of the film of that name?



The **SWORD** is a matter of life and death to this chappie—



but the **PEN**-guin thinks he is mightier, judging by his air of supreme contempt.



AMAZING

Isn't everything amazing to young eyes having their first peep at so many things around?
What a world to be discovered.



This England

A delightful study of rain and sunshine in The Shambles, that corner of York which is irresistible to lovers of Old England.

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Some 'cat-walk' believe you me."

